

## Fair Margaret Castell

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

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Continued.

That evening, when Margaret was in her own little sitting chamber which adjoined the great hall, the door opened and she looked up from the work upon which she was engaged, to see D'Aguliar standing before her.

"Sefior!" she said, amazed, "how came you here?"

"Sefior," he answered, closing the door and bowing, "my feet brought me. Had I any other means of coming I should not often be absent from your side."

"Spare me your fine words, I pray you, Sefior," answered Margaret, frowning. "It is not fitting that I should receive you thus alone at night, my father being absent from the house." And she made as though she would pass him and reach the door.

D'Aguliar, who stood in front of it, did not move, so perforce she stopped half way.

"I found that he was absent," he said, crossing, "and that is why I venture to address you upon a matter of some importance. Give me a few moments of your time, therefore, I beseech you."

Now, at once the thought entered Margaret's mind that he had some news of Peter to communicate to her—bad news, perhaps.

"Be seated and speak on, Sefior," she said, sinking into a chair, while he, too, sat down, but still in front of the door.

"Sefiora," he said, "my business in this country is finished and in a few days I sail hence for Spain. And he hesitated a moment.

"I trust your voyage will be pleasant," said Margaret, not knowing what else to answer.

"I must also, Sefiora, since I have come to ask you if you will share it. Listen, before you refuse. To-day I saw your father and begged your hand of him. He would give me no answer, neither yes nor nay, saying that you were your own mistress, and that I must ask it from your lips."

"My father said that?" gasped Margaret, astonished, then thought that he might have had reasons for speaking so, and went on rapidly. "Well, it is short and simple. I thank you, Sefior, but I stay in England."

"Even that I would be willing to do for your sake, Sefiora, though, in truth, I find it a cold and barbarous country."

"If so, Sefior D'Aguliar, I think that I should go to Spain. I pray you let me pass."

"Not till you have heard me out, Sefiora, when I trust that your words will be more gentle. See now, I am a great man in my own country. Although it suits me to pass here in disguise as plain Sefior D'Aguliar, I am the Marquis of Morella, the nephew of Ferdinand the King, with some wealth and station, official and private. If you disbelieve me I can prove it to you."

"I do not disbelieve," answered Margaret indifferently, "it may well be so; but what is that to me?"

"Then is it not something, lady, that I, who have the blood royal in my veins, should seek the daughter of a merchant to be my wife?"

"Nothing at all—to me, who am satisfied with my humble lot."

"Is it nothing to you that I should love as I do, with all my heart and soul? Marry me and I tell you that I will lift you high, yes, perhaps even to the throne."

She thought a moment, then asked: "The bribe is great, but how would you do that? Many a maid has been deceived with false jewels, Sefior."

"How has it been done before? Not every one loves Ferdinand. I have many friends who remember that my father was poisoned by his father and Ferdinand's, he being the elder son. Also, my mother was a Princess of the Moors, and if I, who dwell among them as the envoy of their Majesties, threw in my sword with theirs—or there are other ways."

"But I am speaking things that have never passed my lips before, which, were they known, would cost me my head—let it serve to show how much I trust you."

"I thank you, Sefior, for your trust; but this crown seems to me set upon a peak that it is dangerous to climb, and I had sooner sit in safety on the plain."

"You reject the pomp," went on D'Aguliar in his passionate, pleading voice, "then will not the love move you? Oh! you shall be worshipped as never woman was."

"I wear to you that in your eyes there is a light which has set my heart on fire, so that it burns night and day, and will not be quenched. Your voice is my sweetest music, your hair is a cord that binds me to you faster than the prisoner's chain, and when you pass for me Venus walks the earth."

"More, your mind is pure and noble as your beauty, and by the aid of it I shall be lifted up through the high places of the earth to some white throne in heaven. I love you, my lady, my fair Margaret; because of you, all other women are become coarse and hateful in my sight."

"See how much I love you, that I, one of the first grandees of Spain, do cast himself upon your knees before her and lift up the hem of her dress pressed to his lips."

Margaret looked down at him and the anger that was rising in her breast melted, while with it went her fear. This man was in earnest; she could not doubt it.

The hand that held her robe trembled like shaken wax, his face was ashen and in his dark eyes swam tears. What cause had she to be afraid of one who was so much her slave?

"Sefior," she said very gently, "rise, I pray you. Do not waste all this love upon one who has no chance to have caught your fancy but who is quite unworthy of it and far beneath you; one, moreover, by whom it may not be returned. Sefior, I am already affianced. Therefore put me out of your mind and find another love."

He rose and stood before her.

"Affianced," he said, "I know it. Nay, I will say no ill of the man; to revile one more fortunate is poor argument."

"But what is it to me if you are affianced? What to me if you were wed? I should seek you all the same, who have me in choice."

"Beneath me! You are as far above me as a star, and would seem as hard to reach. Seek some other love? I tell you, lady, that I have sought many, for not all are so hard to win, and I hate them every one."

"You desire alone, and shall desire till I be dead, yes, and you will win or die. No, I will not die till you are my own. Have no fear, I will not kill your lover, save perhaps in fair fight; I will not force you to give yourself to me, should I find the chance, but with your own life I will yet listen to you asking me to be your husband. I swear it by Him who died for us."

"I swear that, laying aside all other ends, to that sole purpose I will devote my days. Yes, and should you chance to pass from earth before me, then I will follow you to the gates of death and clasp you there."

Now again Margaret's fear returned to her. This man's passion was terrible, yet

there was a grandeur in it; Peter had never spoken to her in so high a fashion.

"Sefior," she said almost pleadingly, "corpses are poor brides; have done with such sick fancies, which surely must be born of your Eastern blood."

"It is your blood also, who are half a Jew, and therefore at least you should understand them."

"Mayhap I do understand, mayhap I think them great in their own fashion, yes, noble even, and admire, if it can be noble to seek to win away another man's betrothed. But, Sefior, I am that man's betrothed, and all of me, my body and my soul, is his, nor would I go back upon my word, and so break his heart, to win the empire of the earth. Sefior, once more I implore you to leave this poor maid to the humble life that she has chosen, and to forget her."

"Lady," answered D'Aguliar, "your words are wise and gentle, and I thank you, and that oath I swore just now I swear again, thus."

And before she could prevent him, or even guess what he was about to do, he lifted the gold cross that hung by a chain about his neck, kissed it, and let it fall gently back upon her breast, saying:

"See, lady, I might have kissed your lips before you could have stayed me, but that I will never do until you give me leave, so in place of them I kiss the cross, which till then we both must carry. Lady, my lady Margaret, within a day or two I sail for Spain, but your image shall sail with me, and I believe that ere long our paths must cross again."

How can it be otherwise since the threads of your life and mine were interwoven at that night outside the Palace of Westminster—intertwined never to be separated till one of us has ceased to be, and they only for a little while. Lady, for the present, farewell."

Then swiftly and silently as he had come, D'Aguliar went.

It was Betty who let him out at the side door, as she had let him in. More, glancing around to see that he was not observed—for it chanced, now that Peter was away with some of the best men, and the master was out with the others, no one was on watch this night—leaving the door ajar that she might reach, she followed him a little way, till they came to an old arch, which in some bygone time had led to a house now pulled down.

Into this dark place Betty slipped, touching D'Aguliar on the arm as she did so. For a moment he hesitated, then, muttering some Spanish catch between his teeth, followed her.

"All, most fair Betty," he said, "what word have you for me now?"

"The question is, Sefior Carlos," answered Betty with scarcely suppressed indignation, "what word you have for me, who dared so much for you to-night? That you have plenty for my cousin, I know, since standing in the cold garden I could hear you talk, talk, talk, through the shutters, as though for your very life."

"I pray that those shutters had no hole in them," reflected D'Aguliar to himself. "No, there was a curtain also; she can have seen nothing. But what he answered:

"Mistress Betty, you should not stand about in this bitter wind; you might fall ill, and then what should I suffer?"

"I don't know, nothing perhaps; that would be left to me. What I want to understand is, why you plan to come to see me, and then spend an hour with Margaret."

"To avert suspicion, my dear Betty. Also I had to talk to her of this Peter, in whom she seems so greatly interested. You are very slow, Betty—tell me, is that to be a match?"

"I think so. I have been told nothing, but I have noticed many things, and almost every day she is writing to him, though why she should care for that owl of a man I cannot guess."

"Doubtless because she appreciates solid work, Betty, as I do you. Who can account for the impulses of the heart, which come, say some of the learned, from heaven, and others, from hell? At least it is no affair of ours, so let us wish them happiness, and, after they are married, a large and healthy family. Meanwhile, dear Betty, are you making ready for your voyage to Spain?"

"I don't know," answered Betty gloomily. "I am not sure that I trust you and your fine words. If you want to marry me, as you swear, and be sure I look for nothing less, why cannot it be before we start, and how am I to know that you will do so when we get there?"

"You ask many questions, Betty, all of which I have answered before. I have told you that I cannot marry you here because of that dispensation which is necessary on account of the difference in our ranks."

"Here, where your position is known, it is not to be hid; there, where you will pass as a great English lady—as of course you are by birth—I can obtain it in an hour. But if you have any doubts, although it cuts me to the heart to say it, it would be best that we should part at once."

"I will take no wife who does not trust me fully and alone. Say then, cruel Betty, do you wish to leave me?"

"You know I don't; you know it would kill me to answer in a voice that was kind, with passion. You know I worship the ground you walk on, and hate every woman that you go near; yes, even my cousin, who has been so good to me, and whom I love."

"I will take the risk and come with you, believing you to be an honest gentleman, who would not deceive a girl who trusts him, and if you do may God deal with you as I shall, for I am no toy to be broken and thrown away, as you would find out. Yes, will you take the risk because you love me so much that I cannot live without you?"

"Betty, your words fill me with rapture, showing me that I have not misread your noble mind; but speak a little lower—there are echoes in this hole. Now for the plans, for time is short and you may be missed. When I am about to sail I will invite Mistress Margaret and yourself to come aboard my ship."

"I will not invite me without my cousin Margaret!" said Betty.

"Because it would excite suspicion, which we must avoid—do not interrupt me. I will invite you both, or get you there upon some other pretext, and then I will arrange that she shall be brought ashore again, and you taken on."

"Leave it all to me, only swear that you will obey any instructions I may send you, for if you do not I tell you that we have enemies in high places who may part us forever. Betty, I will be frank; there is a great lady who is jealous and watches you very closely. Do you swear?"

"Yes, yes, I swear! But about the great lady?"

"Not a word about her—on your life—and mine. You shall hear from me shortly and now—good night."

"Good night," said Betty, but still she did not stir.

Then understanding that she expected something more, D'Aguliar went of himself to the task and touched her hair with his lips.

Next moment he regretted it, for even that tempered salute fanned her passion into flame.

Throwing her arms about his neck, Betty

drew his face to hers and kissed him many times, till at length he broke, half choking, from her embrace and escaped into the street.

"Mother of heaven!" he muttered to himself, "the woman is a volcano in eruption. I shall feel her kisses for a week. And he rubbed his face ruefully with his hand."

"I wish I had made other plans; but it is too late to change it now—she would betray everything. Well, I will be rid of her soon, now, if I have to drown her. A hard fate to love the mistress and be loved of the maid."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SWARE.

On the following morning, when Castell returned, Margaret told him of the visit of D'Aguliar and of all that had passed between them, told him also that he was acquainted with their secret, since he had spoken of her as half a Jew.

"I know it, I know it," answered her father, who was much disturbed and very angry, "for yesterday he threatened me also. But let that go; I can take my chance. Now I would learn who brought this man into my house when I was absent, and without my leave."

"I fear that it was Betty," said Margaret, "who swears that she thought she did no wrong."

"Send for her," said Castell.

Presently Betty came, and being questioned, told a long story. She said she was standing by the side door taking the air when Sefior D'Aguliar appeared, and having greeted her, without more words walked into the house, saying that he had an appointment with the master.

"With me?" broke in Castell. "I was absent."

"I did not know that you were absent, for I was out when you returned in the afternoon and, thinking that he was your friend, I let him in, and let him out again afterward. That is all I have to say."

"Then I have to say that you are a hussy and a liar, and that in one way or the other this Spaniard has bribed you!" answered Castell, fiercely. "Now, girl, although you are my wife's cousin, and therefore my daughter's kin, I am minded to turn you out to the street to starve."

At this Betty first grew angry and then began to weep. While Margaret pleaded with her father, saying that it would mean the ruin of the maid, and that she must not take such a sin upon him. So the end of it was that, being a kind-hearted man, remembering also that Betty Dene was of his wife's blood and that she had favored her as his daughter did, he relented, taking measures to see that she went abroad no more save in the company of Margaret, and that the doors were opened only by men servants.

So this matter ended.

That day Margaret wrote to Peter telling him of all that had happened and how the Spaniard had asked her to marry him, though the words that she used she did not tell. At the end of the letter also she bade him have no fear of the Sefior D'Aguliar or of any other man, as he knew where her heart was.

When Peter received this writing he was much vexed to learn that both Master Castell and Margaret had incurred the enmity of D'Aguliar, for so he guessed it must be; also that Margaret should have been troubled with his love making, but for the rest he thought little of the matter, and trusted her to her trusted heaven. Still he made him anxious to return to London as soon as might be, even though he must take the risk of the Spaniard's daggers.

Within three days, however, he received other letters, both from Castell and from Margaret, which set his fears at rest. These told him that D'Aguliar had sailed for Spain; indeed Castell said that he had seen him standing on the poop of the Ambassador de Ayala's vessel as it dropped down the Thames toward the sea. Moreover, Margaret had a note of farewell from his hand which ran:

Adieu, sweet lady, till that predestined hour when we meet again. I go, as I must; but I will tell you all that I can of me. Your worshiper till death. MORELLA.

He may take his image so long as I keep herself, and if he comes back with his worship I promise him that death and she shall not be far apart," was Peter's grim comment as he laid the paper down.

Then he went on with his letters, which told that now, when the Spaniards had gone and there was nothing more to fear, he was awaited in London. Indeed Castell fixed a day when he should arrive—May 31—there was within a week, adding that, on the same day, June 1, for Margaret would not be wed in May, the Virgin Mary's month, since she held it to be unlucky— their marriage might take place as quietly as they would.

Margaret wrote the same news, and in such sweet words that he kissed her letter, then hastened to answer it, shortly, after his custom, for Peter was no great scribe, saying that if the saints willed it he would be with them by nightfall on the last day of May, and that in all England there was no happier man than he.

On all this week Margaret was very busy preparing her marriage robe, and other garments also, for it was settled that on the next day they should ride together down to Dedham, in Essex, whither her father would follow them shortly. The old hall was not ready, indeed, nor would it be for some time; but Peter had furnished certain rooms in it which might serve them for the summer season, and by winter time the house would be finished and open.

Castell was busy also, for now, having made his plans, he was to see that they were carried out. He had to see that the ship, the Margaret, was almost refitted and laden, so that he hoped to get her to sea on this same May 31 and thus be clear of the last of his business except the handing over of his warehouse and stock to those who had bought them. These great affairs kept him much at Gravesend, where the ship lay, but as he had no dread of further trouble, now that D'Aguliar and the other Spaniards, among them that band of de Ayala's servants who had vowed to take Peter's life, were gone this did not disturb him.

Oh, happy, happy days when her heart was as bright and clear as the skies from which all winter storms had passed. So happy was she, indeed, and so full of a hundred joyful cares that she found no time to take note of her cousin Betty, who worked with her at her wedding brocades and helped to make preparations for the journey which would follow after.

Had she done so, she might have seen that Betty was anxious and distressed, like one who waited for some tidings that did not come, and from hour to hour fought against anguish and despair. But she took no note, whose heart was too full of her own matters, and who did but count the hours till she should see her lover back and pass to his arms a wife.

Thus the time went on until the appointed day of Peter's return, the morrow of her marriage, for which all things were now prepared, and when, at the wedding feast, Peter was seen finer than any she had yet seen him wear, and the dooking of the neighboring church with flowers.

In the early morning her father rode

down to Gravesend with the most of his men servants, for the ship Margaret was to sail at the following dawn, and there was still much to be done before she could lift anchor. Still, he had promised to be back by nightfall in time to meet Peter, who, leaving Dedham that morning, could not reach them before then.

At length it was past 4 of the afternoon, and everything being finished, Margaret went to her room to dress herself anew, and she might look fine in Peter's eyes when he should come. Betty she did not take with her, for there were things to which she must attend; moreover, her heart was so full that she wished to be alone a while.

Betty's heart was full also, but not with joy. She had been deceived. The fine Spanish Don, who had made her love him so desperately, had sailed away and left her without a word. She could not doubt it, he had been seen standing on the ship— and not one word.

How cruel, cruel, and now she must help another woman to be made a happy wife, she who was beguiled of hope and love. Moody, full of bitterness, she went about her tasks, biting her lips and wiping her fine eyes with the sleeve of her robe, when suddenly the door opened, and a servant, not one of her own, but a strange man who had been brought in to help at the morrow's feast, called out that a sailor wished to speak with her.

"Then let him enter here; I have no time to go out to listen to his talk," snapped Betty.

Presently the sailor was shown in, the man who brought him leaving the room at once. He was a dark fellow with a black eye, who, had he not spoken English so well, might have been taken for a Spaniard.

"Who are you, and what is your business?" asked Betty sharply.

"I am the carpenter of the ship Margaret," he answered, "and I am here to say that our master, Castell, has met with an accident there and desires that the lady Margaret, his daughter, should come to him at once."

"What accident?" asked Betty.

"In seeing to the stowage of the cargo he slipped and fell down the hold, hurting his back and breaking his right arm, and that is why he cannot write. He is in great pain, but the physician whom we summoned bade me tell Mistress Margaret that at present he has no fear for his life. Are you Mistress Margaret?"

"No," answered Betty, "but I will go to see him, for he is my father's friend."

"Then are you her cousin, Mistress Betty Dene, for if so, I have something for you?"

"I am. What is it?"

"This," said the man, drawing out a letter which he handed to her.

"Who gave you this?" asked Betty, suspiciously.

"I do not know his name, but he was a noble looking Spanish Don, and a liberal one, too. He had heard of the accident on the Margaret, and, knowing my errand, asked, if I would deliver this letter to you, the first of gold dust and promise to say nothing of it to any one else."

"Some rude gallant, doubtless," said Betty, tossing her head; "they are ever writing to me. Bide here; I go to Mistress Margaret."

Once she was outside the door Betty broke the seal of the letter eagerly enough, for she had been taught with Margaret and could read well. It ran:

Beloved: You thought me faithless and gone, but it is not so. I was silent only because I knew you would not believe me; but now the god of love gives us our chance. Doubtless your cousin will bring you with her to visit her father, who lies on his ship ready to start.

While she is with him I have made a plan to rescue you—yes, to-night or to-morrow, for with much trouble, knowing that you wished it, I have even succeeded in bringing that about and a priest will be waiting to marry us.

Be silent and show no doubt or fear what ever happens, lest we should be parted for always. Be sure, then, that your cousin comes to you may accompany her. Remember that your true love waits you. C. D. A.

When Betty had mastered the contents of the anonymous letter, she went pale with joy, and turned so faint that she was like to fall. Then a doubt struck her that it might be some trick.

No, she knew the writing—it was D'Aguliar's, and he was true to her and would marry her as he had promised and take her to be a great lady in Spain. If she hesitated now she might lose him forever—him whom she would follow to the end of the world.

In an instant her mind was made up, for she had plenty of courage. She would go, even though she must desert the cousin whom she loved, and the father whom she respected.

Thrusting the letter into her bosom, she ran to Margaret's room and, bursting into it, told her of the man and his sad message. But of that letter she said nothing. Margaret turned white at the news, then, recovering herself, said:

"I will come and speak with him at once. And together they went down the stairs. To be continued.

THREE BIG STURGEONS.

New Arrivals at the Aquarium—How They Were Got Safely Into Their Pools.

There have lately been received at the Aquarium three big sturgeon, big fellows all of them; one of them measures 7 feet 2 inches in length, one an even 7 feet and one 6 feet 9 inches; the biggest of them would weigh probably about 150 pounds. The three were taken in a pound net in the bay back of Sandy Hook and were brought up in a small launch, carried to the shore in a transportation tank 10½ feet inside; all three in the same tank.

The sturgeon is a very able and powerful fish and a great jumper; it would be very difficult for men to handle a seven foot sturgeon successfully and without injury to it unless they knew how.

When big sturgeons like these are brought up from the lower bay for the Aquarium the boat containing them is run along close by the Aquarium building and men from the Aquarium take the sturgeons out of the transportation tank there one at a time on a canvas sled. This sheet is 10 feet long by 8 feet wide, and it takes six men to handle it and carry the big fish in it safely.

Gradually they work the lengthwise edge of one side of the canvas under a sturgeon and then, by pulling on the ropes, they can roll the sturgeon over onto the canvas, and then all six men lift the two men at either end lifting higher than the men at the middle. Under these general terms are closely everywhere, making it less easy for it to exert its strength, carrying the sturgeon in this way is like carrying it in a canvas hammock.

From the float the big sturgeon is carried up the gangway to the seawall, there to be laid on a low four foot hand truck on which the sturgeon is laid, and then the sturgeon is lifted, three on a side, and the pool's opening, to get the sheet then on one side and the big fellow roll gently into the water.

The three new sturgeons are in the Aquarium's great central pool.

## NEWARK AND ITS SUBURBS

## A COMMUTING COLONY AS WELL AS AN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

The Factory and Tenement Districts Line the Waterfront, While the Best of the Town Straggles Up a Ridge—Feet High—Straggling Under High Trees.

The city of Newark, notwithstanding its position as the most important industrial centre in Essex county, houses within its far reaching environs more New York commuters than any other settlement in the New Jersey suburban area.

The big manufacturing interests and the business districts form a large crescent fronting on a loop of the Passaic River and on the meadows fringing Newark Bay. This allows ample space to the north and west for the expansion of the residence district.

From the lowlands along the waterfront the ground rises gradually, attaining an elevation of more than 200 feet in the best residential sections on the outskirts of the city proper.

The important business interests of Newark centre at Broad and Market streets, in the eastern part of the city. There are the big department stores, theatres and banks, together with the office buildings which house branches of the life insurance companies and financial institutions from New York. The main stations of the four railroads which pass through Newark are located on Market street and on Broad street. Trolley lines connecting all parts of the city and its suburbs intersect at this corner. A couple of blocks below the Jersey Central station on Broad street is the costly new municipal building and a short distance to the west in the county court house, now under construction.

Newark has all the outward appearance of an important city. Its office buildings and municipal structures are tall and imposing and compare favorably with the big buildings in New York's downtown section. On busy mornings the crowds of people passing back and forth along Market and Broad streets are almost as great as the throngs on New York's important thoroughfares. Real estate values are high, property in this section selling at from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a front foot.

Broad street, however, presents in some respects a very different appearance from that of the business thoroughfares in Manhattan. The street is of unusual width and is lined with fine old trees a few blocks from its busiest corner. Small parks have been established at frequent intervals throughout its entire length. Several fine houses of the old brownstone front type are to be seen in the street not far from the shopping centre, and a number of churches tower above the shops, which are gradually hemming them in.

Between the downtown section and the big factories which fringe the waterfront is a portion of the residence district, consisting mainly of the homes of people of modest means. Small frame dwellings and two family houses, surrounded by small plots of grass, border the tree lined streets. The houses are of ample size and are well constructed, and many of them have been built within the last few years. The lots on which they stand are in most cases thirty feet in width. Rents are very reasonable. Many New York residents who have moved to Newark find the more attractive quarters in the outskirts of Newark for the same amount of rent as is paid for a small, poorly lighted and crowded apartment in New York City. The network of bus trolleys and the fine railroad service afforded by the four big lines traversing the city render it easy to reach the city from the suburbs and from the big factories along the bay.

Real estate activity in Newark is at present confined to building operations involving the construction of new property. The business districts have been somewhat overburdened and the natural reaction has set in there. Speculative builders have been turned toward their attention to the outskirts of the city, where a great deal of development is now going on. Large tracts of vacant land